THE New Republic

Who Are The Promising New Candidates?

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Eggheads and Bosses

Replies to Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

An Inexplicable Document . *Alexander Bickel*

Notes from Algeria . . . . . *Curtis Cate*

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WE'RE NOT KILLING IT: IT'S KILLING US

A Short Story by Patrick Dennis

SEPTEMBER 29, 1958

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Washington Wire

Waltzing on the Brink

WILL QUEMOY bring war? Nobody knows. The important thing is what Dulles thinks. He is running things. He thinks the Reds are bluffing. His assumptions—

The Reds don't want war—now. They want concessions (entrance to UN; abatement of blockade). The Warsaw talks won't get anywhere. Next move—into the UN Assembly. Probably that won't get anywhere either. But it's "safe"; the US can control allies and client states.

Meanwhile US technicians will teach the Nationalists how to break the blockade. If necessary, US forces will intervene more aggressively (always postulating the Reds are "bluffing"). This will produce a military stalemate. The crisis, ultimately, will be shelved without formal commitment by either side. The parallel cited constantly is the Berlin blockade, ended by Allied air lift. That is what Dulles thinks.

Dulles presents it all to Eisenhower as a moral issue. Eisenhower accepts this eagerly. Eisenhower's retort to Khrushchev was approved between a yacht race and the golf course. Eric Sevareid gave the jaunty official mood: "We were on the brink of appeasement but we have drawn back."

Last week tension tightened: at Taipeh US forces adopted a new, unified operational command; we announced a "hot pursuit" policy in case of aerial clashes (rejected by Truman for Korean war); reporters were removed from Quemoy, and Eisenhower-Khrushchev threats reached belligerence.

What this amounts to is waltzing on the brink. Put down starkly, peace hangs on (a) our capacity to lift the blockade; and (b) the Reds' doing what Dulles expects of them. Waltzing on the brink depends as much on your partner as on yourself. Dulles fancies himself in this nimble exercise but he has not always correctly judged his "partner." He thought withdrawal of the Aswan dam offer would humble Nasser; instead it precipitated the Suez debacle. The waltz beats faster now. . . .

Adams Resigns

THE MYSTERY of the Sherman Adams affair is, still, that Adams got into it. How did it happen? It seems to be a matter of bad taste as much as moral obtuseness. Suppose you have an Administration in which the President receives tractors, live stock, fruit trees and thousands of dollars worth of gifts for his Gettysburg estate; his wife accepts a widely publicized week's free vacation at a luxurious desert beauty resort; the Vice President, before election, accepts an $18,235 expense fund from California supporters; the President's press secretary allows (though reluctantly) an exclusive Jacksonville golf club to pick up the $260 tab for a five-day vacation, and the members of regulatory agencies (like FCC) allow the industry they are supposed to regulate to treat them to $50-a-day hotel suites, expense-free trips and free color TV sets. Suppose this and you have an atmosphere in which the frosty little Adams could not really see that he should not accept benefactions from Bernard Goldfine while taking a fatherly interest in Goldfine's troubles with the government. It is all very sad and strange. Our own guess is that Adams is really extraordinarily naïve, underneath, like so many professionally hard-boiled figures. As for the President, even those who have little sympathy for his moralistic unction hated to see Eisenhower waste his personal prestige (so crucial for national leadership) by vacillating over Adams. It would have been 10 times better for Eisenhower to have grasped the thorn much earlier.

Is the Recession Over?

WHAT EVER happened to the recession? Well, here's a quick answer. It was the worst recession since the war. The Administration's refusal to recognize it balled up all its January budget estimates (it thought we would stay in the "black," now belatedly admits we will be $12.5 billion in the red from lower revenue, higher relief). The bottom of the recession came in April. Things now are on the up-grade.

But note this. The Administration and the jolly editors of financial papers are all talking as though the recession were over. It isn't. Voters in depressed areas know it isn't; why else do you think they are voting Democrat? True, things are improving fast; probably we will get back to America's long-term growth line around mid-1959 (after losing billions of production which we might have had, if the recession had been aborted earlier by prompt intervention on the part of the Federal government.

Braking a Boom

BUT THE most startling thing is the Federal Reserve Board. For the first time in history it is putting the brakes on to stop a feared boom before the recession is over! Harvard's economist Slichter points out that "never in monetary history has a central bank ventured to tighten credit" under uncertainty like the present.

What is this uncertainty? It includes national production at an annual rate $10 billions below this time last year; bond prices unsettled; inventory liquidation not yet checked and expenditures on business plant and equipment not yet started up; the level of farm prices dropping and the August seasonally adjusted unemployment rate (7.6 percent) the highest since 1941 with one brief strike exception in 1949.

So that's where the recession stands. There's something crazy about it. The stock market is making new, all-time highs before we even know that the latest chrome, Detroit car models will sell. And the Reserve System is throwing water on the recovery fire before it has caught on. Contrary to the spirit (if not the letter) of the 1946 Full Employment Act the Reserve Board is retarding the revival of production, keeping up the level of unemployment and delaying the return of capacity production.

T.R.B.

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Correction

CARRIED AWAY by predictions of a national trend toward the Democrats, we inadvertently got one step ahead of the bandwagon by listing both of Michigan's Senators in our analysis of the 85th Congress as Democrats. Sen. Charles Potter is a Republican currently opposed for a second term by Lieutenant Governor Philip A. Hart.

Handcuffed

Two words dominate the pro-Chiang propaganda coming out of Taipeh and Washington: prestige and principle. What, it is asked, would happen to American "face" in Asia should we pull back now and refuse to help Chiang defend the offshore islands? To this our answer is that US support for Chiang is the greatest single liability to our prestige in Asia and we would stand to gain "face"—certainly in key Asian countries such as India, Indonesia and Japan—by gradually minimizing that support. American prestige suffered no mortal blow in January, 1955, when Secretary Dulles indicated that we would not become involved in the defense of the offshore Tachens islands. Our influence throughout Asia suffered no visible and lasting harm because we quietly pressured Chiang to relinquish the Tachens and sent the 7th Fleet to help escort 17,127 civilians from the islands on February 6-8. On February 10, the departure of about 25,000 troops and guerrillas began, and by the following day the islands had been completely evacuated.

Was that withdrawal unprincipled? One would have to say so if one accepts the argument of principle in our present involvement on Quemoy. The President now asks us to "defend the principle that armed forces shall not be used for aggressive purposes." But if we are applying this principle to Quemoy—that is, to the Chinese civil war—must we not ask that both sides in that war accept it too?

To be precise, the Nationalist blockade of the Communist ports of Amoy and Foochow leave Canton in the South and Hanchow and Shanghai in the North as the only important sea outlets along a thousand miles of coastline with rail connections to the interior of China. What is the principle by which Chiang may use force to blockade these Communist ports while it becomes immoral for the Communists to attempt to break up the blockade? And why should the Communists show a conciliatory spirit, when the new Nationalist Chinese Ambassador to the US says, two weeks ago, that his government would "never agree to a cease-fire in Taiwan Strait."

The key to the handcuffs which lock us to this hopeless intransigence is in our pockets. We are not helpless. We can withdraw our forces from the offshore islands; we can let it be known to the government which now rules China that we are prepared in time for recognition; and we can take the case for an independent Formosa to the United Nations. And none of those steps will bring a loss of "face" in those parts of Asia where we have honest friends rather than dissembling clients. "There are times," George Kennan writes in the New York *Herald-Tribune* of September 21,

> when the yielding of an unsound position, if conducted with resolution and fortitude, will win greater respect than the transparent effort to cling to such a position for the mere sake of appearances.

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Convoy

Sh-h-h-h!

IF YOU are wondering why editorial writers, politicians and others burdened with a sense of responsibility are cautious about criticizing the Administration's involvement in Quemoy, let us explain that their caution does not mean they are timid or trust Mr. Dulles. It is because they have made a *shrewd calculation*. And this is it:

If we pretend we mean to fight the Chinese Communists if they fight for islands which have always been controlled by the mainland but which the mainland is now told it can't control unless it fights for them, then the power which controls the mainland (that is, the Chinese Communists) will not fight for these islands, although the Communists know that the only way to deny them these islands is to carry the war to the mainland. And they know that we know that a war against the mainland would have to be a nuclear war because that is the only kind of large-scale war we're equipped to fight. But we know, and so do they, that we have no intention of fighting a nuclear war (nor have our allies any intention of supporting us in one) against the Chinese Communists aided by the Russians. However, if we admit none of this publicly, the Chinese Communists will pretend that we're pretending, and they will then swear on a stack of Confucian bibles that they will beat their swords into plowshares, and the US will not be a "paper tiger," and Communism will have been stood up to in the Far East.

Is that clear?

Professors and Politics

THERE ARE two points we want to make about the discussion going on in these pages concerning eggheads and the Democratic Party. The first is the obvious one that a public servant with one or more college degrees is not necessarily a good one. We can think of at least one Ph.D. now in the White House who ought to be sent, in the public interest, on a long cruise from which he never returns.

The second point is that before one dismisses the Democratic Party as a conveyor belt for the ideas of intellectuals, one should recall that even during the first Roosevelt Administration when almost everybody was willing to try almost anything and professors in Washington out-numbered businessmen, Felix Frankfurter's "happy hot dogs" often found the back door as well as the front door of the White House closed to them. For Mr. Roosevelt knew well how to live with the De Sapios and the Arveys. And although he knew too how to use the professors, they worked for him. It wasn't the other way 'round.

Rogers and Rankin

THE MOST OMINOUS feature of the school integration crisis continues to be the absence of Presidential leadership. Two bright spots in the situation, however, are William P. Rogers, the Attorney General, and J. Lee Rankin, the Solicitor General of the United States.

The doctrine of "separate but equal," the Attorney General said in a speech to the American Bar Association on August 27, "must be considered a thing of the past. . . . For a nation which stands for full equality under the law—which solemnly believes that all men are equal before the law, regardless of race, religion, or place of origin—the result undoubtedly is permanent." This should have been said, repeatedly, extensively and long since by the President of the United States. The statement of it, and the promise and the fact of action in support of it, is no more than we are entitled to expect from any Attorney General. But in the Eisenhower Administration it is an occasion for relief and congratulations—heartfelt congratulations, since the President's attitude might well have induced the precaution of silence in a more timid Attorney General. That attitude might also have evoked from a different Solicitor General something other than the strong and uncompromising statements that Mr. J. Lee Rankin made to the Supreme Court in the course of the recent arguments. But this is not the first indication we have had that Mr. Rankin measures up to the traditions of an office that has high and exacting traditions.

Unlike his predecessor, Mr. Brownell, a year ago, Mr. Rogers has made contact with local authorities in Little

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Rock and has extended what looks like an effective offer to cooperate in the maintenance of order, when eventually the schools reopen, as they must and will, on an integrated basis. There is reason to expect also that the Department of Justice will take an active part in whatever litigation may prove necessary to unmask for what they are such schemes as the operation of a segregated school by a "private corporation" with state funds in state-owned facilities; these are legally ineffectual efforts at evasion.

Schools that remain closed are of course a different matter. The Constitution does not require the states to maintain public school systems. Mr. Rogers is quite right, therefore, in relying on local pressures to make it impossible for Governors Faubus and Almond to persist in keeping school doors shut.

What Chehab Faces

THE BALANCE of power in Lebanon rested initially with moderate Christian leaders—notably Maronite Roman Catholic Patriarch Paul Meuchi—who were opposed to a second term for President Chamoun but certainly did not want a Nasser-controlled replacement. This group was promoting a national front headed by Gen. Fuad Chehab, and was on the verge of getting a compromise government (as a result of General Chehab's stature in Lebanon) when the Iraq coup changed everything. Our government claims credit for General Chehab's subsequent rise. But as General Chehab took office last week as Chamoun's successor, it was clearer than ever that the landing of the Marines had all but blown up his chance for success: hope that a stable national front might be created seems to be gone, and Lebanon once again faces a renewal of armed conflict, this time openly and explicitly along Christian-Moslem lines.

When the Marines landed and the US insisted that Chamoun be permitted to fulfill his presidential term, the atmosphere of compromise was shattered. The rebels gained in popularity as enemies of foreign intervention; they grew more and more intransigent as Chamoun's tenure was prolonged. At the same time the neo-Fascist Phalange entertained the misguided belief that the US had come to install another pro-West regime. Phalangist leader Pierre Gemayel and his para-military Christian squadrons had stayed in the background (avoiding overt support for Chamoun) until the Marines landed. At last, he then thought—can he be blamed?—the Americans have decided to make a stand. He took it for granted that there must be some reason for the US landings, and, since General Chehab was on his way into office anyway, that this reason must be a secret plan for installing a pro-Western and Christian-dominated regime.

Now, with the US clearly ready to accept the Moslem-dominated opposition cabinet being patched together by General Chehab, Gemayel, having stuck out his neck, must save it. And so the extremists will fight it out in Lebanon while the Maronite Patriarch and others like him—not to mention the Department of State—watch helplessly on the sidelines.

Reuther's New Contract

BOTH John Bugas of the Ford Motor Company and Walter Reuther of the UAW agreed that their new contract was non-inflationary. This miracle of amiability identifies a new kind of postwar contract in a major, mass-production industry, a contract which preserves but does not extend monetary gains, and makes moderate progress in diminishing some of the perils of industrial employment. If the cost of living does not rise and if productivity increases at historical rates, neither the escalator clause nor the improvement factor will raise Ford's costs and justify an increase in the price of cars. This conclusion is a statement of the obvious: wage rates rise rapidly when product markets are strong and producers can pass on to buyers any increases in costs. When markets are weak, as the automobile market has been for nearly two years, then collective bargaining agreements reflect the condition. In other words, union contracts frequently register the reality of the market, a point often missed by those who blame unions for inflation.

The new contract reflects also Reuther's skill in selling a new provision for severance pay for workers who are permanently laid off. Presumably, this provision will protect workers when Ford closes a shop in one community and moves it elsewhere. The arrangement thus far is modest, but the principle is important, for it implies company responsibility to its workers for continuity of employment.

As far as the broad inflationary situation is concerned two comments are in order: if Ford raises its prices it will need to find another excuse besides Reuther and the union. Insofar as David McDonald of the Steelworkers fixes a rivalrous eye upon Reuther in making his own demands of his industry, the automobile settlement may forecast moderation in the 1959 steel negotiations. From any viewpoint, Reuther and Ford have in the economy of 1958 negotiated a sensible and humane settlement.

For the Record

THIRTEEN Senators supported Herbert Lehman in February, 1955, when he tried to amend the President's request for advance authority to use US troops to defend Formosa, the nearby Pescadores and "related positions." Senator Lehman wanted to eliminate any blanket sanction by Congress of the specific Presidential authority to intervene militarily to defend "related positions"—that is,

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such islands as Quemoy and Matsu. His amendment was rejected. But to their credit, here are the colleagues who stood with him: Fulbright, Mansfield, Murray, Long, Kennedy, Byrd, McNamara, Langer, Morse, Neuberger, Kefauver, Kilgore and Humphrey.

Upton Sinclair at 80

IT COMES as a bit of a shock—but also a distinct pleasure—to learn that on September 20 Upton Sinclair celebrated his 80th birthday. For anyone over the age of 30, Sinclair must seem an essentially young man, the prototype of those romantic young Americans who, just before World War I, were really angry and, what is more, knew why.

Upton Sinclair's life has passed into the mythology of American culture. The son of impoverished Baltimore gentry; the founder with Jack London of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society; the destitute young writer who made less than $1,000 on his first five books, studied French in the mornings while shaving, and invested his first literary profits in a utopian community, Helicon Hall, which soon went broke; the author of *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*, purporting to be a journal of a starving young poet on the verge of suicide and so authentic in detail as to constitute a kind of truthful hoax; the master muckraker whose *The Jungle* turned the stomachs of the American people but did not, as he sadly remarked, quite reach their hearts; the journalist pouring out millions of furious words to expose labor spies, yellow sheets, Wall Street speculators, the murderers of Sacco and Vanzetti and the persecutors of William Fox, bourgeois morality, bohemian morality and poison drink; the un-Marxian Socialist who kept outraging the orthodox comrades who yet kept loving him; the American rebel who published his own books when no one else would and then turned out best-sellers in the Lanny Budd series, an argosy of a liberal Tom Swift doing cloak-and-dagger jobs for FDR—all this and more reflects not only the experience of Upton Sinclair but a whole cycle of American life.

Sunday in Montgomery

HERE, complete with caption, is an item published in the *Montgomery* (Ala.) *Advertiser*. The author is the newspaper's political columnist, Robert Ingram:

The Witching Hour

Local viewers who take their television seriously may be in a dither as to what show to watch on Sunday evenings this fall. The TV fare for the choice hour of 7 p.m. on Sunday is Ed Sullivan or Steve Allen. Sullivan's show has lost considerable popularity of late due to the prominence it gives to Negro performers. As a result, Allen's rating, locally at least, has gone up.

But now Allen has committed what may be considered an offensive act, to wit, a telegram to Governor James E. Folsom:

"DEAR GOVERNOR FOLSOM:

"May I add my voice to the chorus of protest rising over the sentence of Jimmy Wilson. Quite aside from the dreadful anti-American reaction which his electrocution would bring about in other lands, simple logic indicates an imbalance between the offense and punishment in this case."

The telegram was signed by Steve Allen, NBC, New York City.

Those who are offended might read a good book from 7 to 8 p.m. on Sundays. Or maybe go to church.

NICE PEOPLE

Nice people are ready to make friends with nice people, whatever the color of their face may be.—SIR COLIN THORNLEY, *Governor, British Honduras.*

NICE Britons greet as equals and as friends
Dark migrants from the Empire overseas,
But many of the latter
Are asking what's the matter,
For some are not as nice as they might be.

When colored fellow-citizens complain
Some Britons in some cities run amok,
And show by acts aggressive,
Race-prejudice obsessive,
As in Johannesburg and Little Rock.

Nice people must regretfully confess
That hooligans with razors and lead-pipes
With coshes, stones and spanners,
Prove the absence of good manners
And the presence of some anti-social types.

It isn't the nice people who offend
Ceylon, Malaya, India, Pakistan,
Whose negrophobe hysteria
Shocks Ghana and Nigeria,
Nyasaland, Uganda and Sudan.

All leaders of the Empire have declared
That all must friendship and politeness show;
It's questionable whether
It long could hold together,
If any felt they were not nice to know.

SOME people doubt the brotherhood of man;
Example is much better than advice,
And Empire race-relations
Would meet no complications
If all the people always would be nice.

SAGITTARIUS

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Replies to Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Eggheads and Bosses

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.'s article, "Death Wish of the Democrats," in the September 15 issue of *The NR* cries out for a prompt rejoinder. Insofar as it applies to New York's Frank Hogan, the article is factually and morally wrong; it gives readers an outrageously unfair estimate of Hogan and will seriously damage his candidacy.

I do not know Hogan; I met him only once for a few minutes at which time he turned me down for a position on his staff. I do not know De Sapio; in fact I rang doorbells for petitions to unseat him. But I admire Hogan and I deplore the inaccurate portrait of him that Professor Schlesinger draws. And I am a Democrat, a member of the Lexington Democratic Club that supported Finletter and, I hope, no friend of Tammany Hall, and am totally uninvolved in political job-seeking.

What does Professor Schlesinger's complaint come down to? His favored candidates for Democratic nomination in a number of states, all good liberals, even "eggheads" perhaps, were crushed under the heel of the party professionals who had the final say: Benton and Bowles in Connecticut, Dilworth in Pennsylvania, Finletter in New York.

We can all agree that Thomas Finletter is a superlatively qualified expert on foreign policy. That he would also have made a superior Senator can also be agreed; it does not follow however that Frank Hogan, merely because he was nominated over Finletter, is unqualified . . . or that he lacks Finletter's appeal to the independents and "switch" voters. On the contrary, the estimate of Carmine De Sapio, one of the shrewdest political strategists ever to run Tammany Hall, is that Hogan will make a stronger race: De Sapio has, in fact, staked his political life on this judgment. If Hogan goes down to defeat he will almost certainly carry Averell Harriman down with him; the loss of the Governorship and the Senate seat would be a debacle from which De Sapio could not recover.

Why then did De Sapio do it? Professor Schlesinger suggests that Camine De Sapio was, in a sense, a victim of the "revolt of the low-level professional within the party organization against the New Deal and post-New Deal leadership of the Democratic Party." Both De Sapio and John Bailey of Connecticut, he continues, are "weak men, frightened by rumblings from the local clubs. . . . " Yet Leo Egan, whom Professor Schlesinger quotes with approval, declares flatly in the *New York Times Magazine* (Sept. 14, 1958) that "not since the death, in 1924, of Charles F. Murphy . . . has any leader wielded as much naked political power as De Sapio holds today."

The hard truth is that De Sapio dumped Finletter, not to demonstrate unnecessarily his power to do so, not to crush the "egghead" element of the party, not to punish the Lexington Democratic Club, but for one simple reason: Frank Hogan, in De Sapio's judgment, is the stronger candidate.

The available evidence supports De Sapio. Finletter, for all his brilliance, is not an effective public speaker; Hogan, on the other hand, has only to be heard to be acknowledged as one of the finest, most persuasive speakers in public life today. Finletter's appeal is to a small, intellectual, internationalist element; Hogan has enjoyed the endorsement not only of Democrats and Liberals, but Republicans as well. It may be true that Hogan, as Professor Schlesinger states, "has hardly voiced a public thought on a national issue in half a century," but this does not negate the fact that in private his ideas on national issues have always been intelligent, enlightened and creative. Hogan has had the courage to declare publicly a willingness to accept the eventual recognition of Red China while "old pro" Jim Farley was loudly proclaiming such a view to be near treason.

It can hardly be claimed that Hogan belongs to the anti-intellectual, anti-Ivy League segment of the Democratic Party. No district attorney's office in America is as heavily staffed with eggheads and Ivy Leaguers as Hogan's; his administrative assistant, Richard Kuh, is a militant liberal and a *magna cum laude* graduate of Harvard Law School.

Nor can Hogan be stuck, so unfairly, with the label of political "party hack." An almost unbelievable illustration of his political independence and integrity was furnished in the 1958 primaries. A number of Hogan's staff members challenged Tammany leaders in hotly fought contests. Richard Kuh had the audacity to attempt to unseat De Sapio himself, in the boss' own district in lower Manhattan. Kuh lost the bitterly contested election, but he did not lose his job as Hogan's administrative assistant.

Finally, it might be observed that if Harriman and Wagner did not have sufficient strength to require Tom Finletter's nomination, it is as much a testament to their political inadequacy as to De Sapio's power. In 1922, a similar fight for the Senate nomination erupted in the Democratic Party. The then Tammany leader, the almost legendary Charles F. Murphy, insisted on nominating William Randolph Hearst. Governor Al Smith was vehemently opposed and stood his ground against the strongest political pressure ever brought against him. According to Joseph M. Proskauer, Smith forced Murphy to back down by ordering an emissary of the powerful Tammany boss to go back "and tell Charlie Murphy that if they nominated Hearst for Senator and me for Governor, I would get up on the floor of the Convention and refuse the

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nomination." Apparently, Averell Harriman, for all his liberal convictions and principles, could not bring himself to match Smith's readiness to commit political suicide over a moral issue; particularly not when a Presidential year is around the corner.

DANIEL M. SKLAR

New York City

MR. SCHLESINGER is too good an analyst to say anything directly of Mayor David Lawrence because of the damage that this would do to his thesis. His remarks about Pennsylvania amount, therefore, to no more than an expression of preference for Mayor Richardson Dilworth. . . . Mayor Dilworth has been a distinguished mayor of Philadelphia and would be a great Governor of Pennsylvania, although defeated for that office in 1950. Mayor Lawrence has been a no less distinguished mayor of Pittsburgh (for a much longer tenure) and would be a great Governor of Pennsylvania.

RICHARD F. SCHIER
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WITH his first day of precinct or headquarters work, any liberal discovers that he is a member of an extremely small minority. The great majority of rank-and-file Democrats in the Northeast are ordinary people whose attachment to the Democrats is in part historical and ethnic, and in part economic, in the sense of a vague and inarticulate belief that the party is "for us."

Many a liberal intellectual has fled in horror from active politics after making this discovery. Those of us who have remained have simply accepted the situation, and have been reassured by the fact that our views do carry a weight very disproportionate to our numbers. Given the extreme apathy of the people in general, the lack of intellectual orientation of most Democrats, and the petty conservatism of most Republicans, it can be argued that we have had a great deal of influence and have elected since 1946 a very great number of liberal candidates.

Nonetheless, we are very dependent on the good will of the more orthodox Democratic leaders. These leaders have argued with some cogency that the rank-and-file Catholic voters, without whom the party cannot carry any Northeastern state, needed some reassurance that men other than the Harrimans and Ribicoffs and Meyners were acceptable as leaders. It is unfortunate that the more orthodox leaders like Dodd and Hogan are not in the Governorships, while Harriman and Ribicoff go to the Senate, perhaps; but history is not that easily planned.

Schlesinger is still right in saying that the Senate above all needs these liberal intellectual leaders; he is, however, not very constructive in suggesting how the liberal can best act to elect them. Violent hostility to the men who represent perhaps 80 percent of the Democrats in the Northeast would hardly seem the best approach. American politics is a coalition of the over-educated and the under-educated against the half-educated. If the "over-educated" want to continue to play a role very disproportionate to their numbers, it is best that they understand this relationship.

I would also disagree strongly with Mr. Schlesinger in his continuing personal vendetta against Governor Foster Furcolo, who has proposed far more liberal programs in such fields as education, mental health and prison reform than any previous Governor of Massachusetts.

PAUL R. SHAW

Cambridge, Massachusetts

AS TOUCHING the malaise of the Democratic Party Mr. Arthur Schlesinger's diagnosis is, as I believe, accurate to at least the fourth decimal place, but his prognosis is as far off as Wrong-Way Corrigan, who aimed at California and hit Ireland.

The rejection of Finletter in New York, and of Bowles and Benton in Connecticut, was quite as deplorable as Mr. Schlesinger says it was. That it was perpetrated against the better judgment of the really able bosses is probable. That it was based upon the undying hatred of the blockhead for the egghead is obvious. But that it represents a serious deterioration of the Democratic Party as a whole is a *non sequitur*.

I accept Mr. Schlesinger's thesis that as the prime resource of the Republican Party is money, that of the Democratic Party is brains, but I am not quite sure that we mean the same kind of brains. The genius of Franklin D. Roosevelt was his ability to collar a ward-heeler and make him act like a statesman, at least momentarily; and if anyone suggests that that doesn't require brains I must respectfully disagree.

The movement in New York and Connecticut is a scramble for the bandwagon. It is regrettable that some highly valuable citizens were knocked down and hoofed in the rush, but it is not regrettable that the back-room boys scent victory and are frantically trying to climb aboard. If they take over completely, they will ruin the party, of course, just as the same type has already ruined the Republican Party; but liberals ought not to bemoan that fact that the unintelligent are on the move. After all, they are like the grasshoppers for number, and that counts on election day.

Let disconsolate liberals remember that when "Booth led boldly with his big bass drum" the parade was not all that the heart could wish—

> Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
> Lurching bravos from the ditches dank, . . .
> Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
> Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—

. . . yet the poet assures us that they entered into Heaven, one and all, and nothing else really mattered. The fact that some of the riff-raff are exhibiting a powerful yen for the Democratic nomination is not the party's Death Wish. Far from it.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Baltimore, Md.

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An Inexplicable Document

by ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

WHEN he addressed the special session of his legislature on August 26, Governor Faubus of Arkansas began with a quotation. It ran as follows:

> The Supreme Court has been usurping the rights reserved to the states by the Constitution.
>
> The Supreme Court has been making hasty, impatient decisions without proper judicial restraint.
>
> Recent decisions raise considerable doubt as to the validity of the American boast that we have a government of laws and not of men.
>
> The development of immense power of the Supreme Court in both state and national affairs is second only to the increasing dominance of the national government.
>
> It is not merely the final arbiter of the law; it is the maker of policy in many major social and economic fields. It is here that we feel the greatest concern, and it is here that we think the greatest restraint is called for.

Scarcely able to contain his glee, Mr. Faubus went on to say that these "are not my words, nor the words of State Senator Jerry Screeton [some village Calhoun this, no doubt, some mute inglorious Faubus] or United States Sen. John L. McClellan": nor were they the words of anyone else likely to be favorably known to the Arkansas legislature. Rather were they the words of a report adopted only a few days previously by an overwhelming vote of the Conference of Chief Justices of State Supreme Courts, on recommendation of a committee of which the Chief Judge of Maryland was chairman and, to mention only a few, the Chief Justices of Massachusetts, Michigan and New York, as well as of Georgia and South Carolina, were members.

Well, the words in question were not exactly those of the report either. The Chief Justices did not use the term usurpation. Sen. Jerry Screeton must have crept in there after all. And the charge of impatience appears in the report, but not in these words, and indeed in a context sufficiently different to alter its meaning. The rest of the quotation is also garbled, though less dramatically. But, of course, this is not the point. The wonder of it all is not that Mr. Faubus is given to quoting loosely, but that he should have been able, without perjuring himself, to convey to his legislature, in August, 1958, the sense if not the form of an attack on the Supreme Court of the United States by a conference of State Chief Justices.

The questions that arise, and that I shall do my best to state and examine as respectfully as possible, are these:

What business is it of a conference of State Chief Justices to issue manifestos to the public, and particularly manifestos criticizing the federal Supreme Court?

Proprieties to the side, is the criticism contained in the several thousand words of the report adopted and made public by the Chief Justices well-taken?

Assuming that the Chief Justices had something intellectually coherent to say, and that it was their place to say it, why just now? Why in August, 1958? Did the Chief Justices assume the risk of being taken into camp by Mr. Faubus because their criticism was not only important, but timely, in the sense that it has reference to newly-discovered trends, so that this was the necessary moment to voice it?

In the matter of the proprieties, it is natural to start, though it might be unreasonable to end, with the precedents. Technical legislative recommendations excepted, the issuance to the public at large of manifestos of any variety by judges in convention assembled is, so far as I have been able to inform myself, easily as novel a development as Sputnik I. Not unexpectedly, therefore, the reaction of most of the profession, as the *New Jersey Law Journal* reported on September 11, ranged from the "shocked" to the "incredulous."

There is, however, one precedent, not of a group of judges but of an individual, which the present Chief Justices might well recall with somewhat of a shudder. Spencer Roane, Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia in the early days of the Republic, opposed the Constitution and remained after its adoption the original interpositionist, massive resister and secessionist. He remained also, after his accession to the Bench, a very active politician, indeed a political boss; the Boss whose mantle, it is not too much to say, Sen. Harry Flood Byrd currently wears. When the Supreme Court overruled his court in *Martin* v. *Hunter's Lessee* (I mention the name of the case because few would venture to dispute today that its doctrine is indispensable to our existence as a nation),

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Roane took to the public prints to attack the Supreme Court for this and other of the fundamental decisions of the time. Roane was unequalled, John Marshall wrote to Justice Story in 1821, in "coarseness and malignity of expression," although it ought to be added that he had the grace to publish under a pseudonym, and that the spectacle of a judge in politics was not in those formative years considered quite the shocking exhibition we deem it now.

I am far from suggesting that the present Chief Justices are politically motivated in the way that Spencer Roane was, or for that matter, that their manners are remotely comparable to his. Yet, no matter how motivated or how polite, their action, like Roane's, because it has political consequences, was improper. It would remain improper even if there were a respectable precedent for it. To be sure, the *judicial* actions of state as well as federal judges, their decisions, often have political consequences and are not to be despised on that account, provided they are not politically inspired. But I do not need to rehearse the well-understood reasons why, in our tradition of at least the past hundred years, judges are expected to avoid the appearance, even the shadow of the appearance of extra-judicial political activity, although we accept the necessary and incidental political effects of judgments rendered in the course of litigation duly brought before the courts.

So much for the propriety in general of manifestos to the public. But we are dealing here with a statement that undertook to disapprove of the work of the federal Supreme Court. There comes into play also, therefore, an aspect of a pervasive principle that the Chief Justices themselves lay much stress on the principles of the separation of powers. This doctrine has its intricacies and subtleties, but I think it accurate to say that it entails the maintenance of an arm's length, wary but respectful, and detached attitude between the two systems of sovereignty—state and federal—and by and large also among the branches within each. Cooperation and conflict, which are both expected, must have regard for the forms and must run along strictly prescribed avenues. For state and federal courts, those avenues are—if I may stretch a figure—opinions, judgments, mandates; certainly not press releases. How scandalized we would all be if the Judicial Conference of the United States, which consists of the senior federal judges under the chairmanship of the Chief Justice, and which has the advantage of being a creature of statute rather than merely of the conventional American urge to mingle, were one fine day to complain by press release about the sorry standards of judicial craftsmanship that prevail in some state courts! And it isn't as if there were nothing to complain about there. It is just that manifestos are not the place for judges to do it.

The action of the Chief Justices being, then, as I believe, plainly improper, it may be that there is no need to say anything further about it. One is led nevertheless, by curiosity if nothing else, to examine the substance of what the Chief Justices felt so unprecedentedly impelled to say.

The report starts out with what it calls some background and perspective. Herein it is pointed out that federal-state relationships are affected not only by decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, but by acts of Congress, by treaties, and by the rulings of a pride of administrative agencies whose personnel, it may well be argued, have taken the place of judges under the throne. Herein also it is thoughtfully conceded that "by necessity and by almost universal common consent," the ultimate power to construe and apply the Constitution and laws of the United States rests in the Supreme Court.

There follow, in the next appropriately headed section, some wholly unexceptionable platitudes about the nature and the blessings of federalism. It is then noted that since the adoption of the Constitution, there has been a steady expansion of national, and contraction of local, power, and that by and large this was an unavoidable and indeed necessary development. Parallel to it has been an increase in the power of the Supreme Court as final arbiter in many fields of policy. Why, since they have conceded the role of the Supreme Court in applying the Constitution and the laws, the Chief Justices do not regard the increase in the Supreme Court's power in the past 150 years to have been as unavoidable and necessary as the general expansion of federal authority which it accompanied, I cannot say. But they do not. They wag their heads and express concern because the Supreme Court, as they will have it, has been exercising "legislative" functions which it shouldn't ought to!

Volumes can be, have been and will continue to be written on what law is and what its sources should be, on what in particular the division of functions between courts and legislatures should be, and on what in a thousand significantly different circumstances a judge's attitude should be when he comes to construe and apply a constitution or a statute. We have much yet to think through here, but a few things we do know. A statute is something enacted by a legislature and a decision is something handed down by a court, and the two are as different as night and day. The only utility of the term "legislative" is to characterize the acts of a legislature. In every other use it is a vehicle of wanton confusion. We know also that Anglo-American courts make law and always have done so, though they do not legislate statutes. There should be no need to remind the Chief Justices of the remark of Judge Jeremiah Smith of New Hampshire who, when he retired from the bench before the turn of the century and came to teach at Harvard, was asked whether judges make law. "Of course they do," he replied, "made some myself." So,

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as indeed they allow, have the signers of this report, and they ought to know that no answer to the problem of just how much law judges should make, and when, can be found by flinging around the curse-phrase "judicial legislation."

Much of the rest of the report maintains a fairly neutral descriptive tone. By that I mean that the Chief Justices appear to accept pretty well, and they state pretty accurately, the developments that they have taken the trouble to recite, though there is an undercurrent of nostalgia for the world as it was, or as they imagine it might have been, 150 years ago. But then anybody past the age of 30 is entitled in some measure to such bitter-sweet self-indulgence. Having in this mood reviewed, among other things, the Social Security Act of 1935, the Morrill (land-grant-colleges) Act of 1862 and the rise of the income tax, the Chief Justices proceed to level some heavy criticism at two quite recent cases. I haven't the space here to deal with these cases in the detail that is required, and so I don't suppose there is any purpose in naming them. I will just say that in my judgment, for what it may be worth, the Chief Justices offer a convincing demonstration that the Supreme Court's opinions in both cases were shabbily reasoned, and that one of the two is simply wrong and hence of no permanent significance in the law. And I will add that this is not the first and not the most effective such demonstration I have seen or heard.

The final section of this report, before the Chief Justices weigh in with their conclusions, deals with safeguards imposed by the Supreme Court, pursuant to the Fourteenth Amendment, in favor of defendants in state criminal prosecutions. This is the sort of thing that Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina had in mind when, with inexpressible delicacy and infinite exactitude, he accused the Court "of putting the interests of Communists and other criminals ahead of . . . duty to sustain the Constitution." He may find it possible to moderate his language now that he will be able to bolster his essential point with the authority of the Chief Justices; and perhaps we ought to be thankful for that.

THE application of the Fourteenth Amendment to state criminal prosecutions no more dates from yesterday, of course, than does anything else the Chief Justices discuss. They emphasize three recent cases. Two of them are not doctrinally striking. One perhaps, as Mr. Justice Frankfurter said in dissent (the Chief Justices quote this), may be wrong and may turn out to be "a derelict on the waters of the law." Nothing to take alarm at there. The third represents an important step toward the moral maturity of our administration of criminal justice. It holds that a state cannot deny a defendant the right to an appeal simply because he is indigent and has not the means to furnish the required transcript of record. The Chief Justices do not know, and nobody knows, what the wider implications of this doctrine will be. However, everyone knows that our law is not laid down complete with every T crossed in single cases, but that lines are pricked out point by point and case by case. To brandish at a given decision, as the report does, the argument of the slippery slope—you have gone this far, which may be all right, but having started in this way you cannot stop short of a later undesirable result and hence you shouldn't have gone this far—is a forensic amusement. It is not serious.

The bulk of the report thus amounts to a recitation of developments in many of which the Supreme Court did not play the chief role and all of which date back in an unbroken line to at least a couple of generations ago. In addition there is a critique of several recent cases, which is in part well-taken. But the conclusions that are erected on this slender base!

IN THE past 25 years the Supreme Court has pressed more and more rapidly the expansion of federal power and has assumed greater policy-making functions. Not proved. The single most striking fact in the judicial history of the past 20 years has been the Court's resolute withdrawal from an immense area of social and economic policy which it occupied in the 1920's and early 1930's. The leadership in recent expansion of national power has been principally legislative and executive.

The frequency of dissents in Supreme Court decisions shows that our government is losing its character as one of laws and not of men. It never had such a character in the sense in which the Chief Justices employ the cliché. Laws are made, interpreted and applied by men, and at no stage is the process a mechanical one, and hence at all stages there will be differences of opinion. Split decisions are nothing new on the Supreme Court or on any other court. Unanimity is nice and is comforting. But close votes are no indication of merely capricious action in a court of law or in a legislature. I have seen no statistical evidence that there are more split decisions today than say in the 1850's. In any event, to talk about close divisions of the Supreme Court in terms of whether this is a government of laws or of men is just—well, it isn't reasonable.

And so it goes. For there is more. But I think the questions that I posed at the beginning are fully answered. The report of the Conference of State Chief Justices of August, 1958, is inexplicable and it is inexcusable. But perhaps it doesn't exist. Perhaps it is a hoax or an awful dream. Certainly there is an atmosphere of unreality about it. For who in 1958 can devote any thought to the work of the Supreme Court of the United States as it affects federal-state relationships and not have the school integration decisions prominently in mind? Well, there is no mention, not the suggestion of an allusion to these decisions in the report of the Chief Justices.

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The Superficial Aspect

The Moral Flaw

THEY DON'T like Faubus in North Carolina. On segregation, opinion is divided, but not on the Governor of Arkansas. A bull in the china shop is the mildest term they apply to him; and it is the stoutest segregationists who speak of him most bitterly. Faubus' clumsy blundering has upset their applecart.

To the historically-minded among the Tarheels the present situation has another tinge of bitterness. It is that "this is where we came in," feeling. In 1861 North Carolina, sandwiched between Virginia and South Carolina, was swept along into a war that a majority of the people of the state regarded with very little enthusiasm. Yet before it was over she had furnished one-fifth of all the Confederate troops and had suffered one-third of the casualties. She is in the middle again, and what it may cost this time is something that realistic Tarheels shudder to contemplate.

Unfortunately, the best leadership in the state is the very element that was hardest hit by the Court decisions. That leadership has now been deprived of one of its most effective weapons, which was a shrewd appeal to local pride. It has argued for many years that while the problem of the relation of the races is difficult, nevertheless the brains and character of North Carolina are potentially equal to any problem that the state has to face. This was effective enough to open one field of opportunity after another to North Carolina Negroes; and as opportunities increased the economic and cultural level of the minority group steadily rose, and race relations steadily improved.

In the matter of schools, for example, North Carolina more than 20 years ago began to shift the stress from "separate" to "equal" in the "separate but equal" doctrine. Several years ago the average salary of a Negro elementary school teacher was actually higher than that of a white teacher because more of the Negro teachers had gained seniority and, to the extent that experience could make them so, were better teachers. This is certainly one reason for a curious development in Charlotte, Winston-Salem and Greensboro, the three largest cities in the state. Regardless of the legislature, these three cities abolished legal segregation—and a total of 13 Negroes transferred to white schools. Apparently the Negroes believe that there is something to be said for segregation as long as it is purely voluntary.

Nevertheless, the North Carolinians who have worked hardest to abolish second-class citizenship in the state find themselves brought up with a round turn by the Supreme Court decision, because their operative method was based wholly on an appeal to the sense of decency and fair play of the white majority in the state. Now the whole thing has been snatched out of their hands and their driving energy is stalled.

Perhaps it is their own fault. Perhaps they are to be blamed for not having made faster progress. Nevertheless, they had worked hard to make any progress, and their reward is to be denounced by both sides, by the Ku Klux element for moving at all and by the rest of the country for not moving faster. It is idle to expect them, blameworthy or not, to be gay and jocund in the circumstances.

So the stillness in Tarheelia, like that noted by Bruce Catton at Appomattox, must not be mistaken for an indication of indifference. It will not last long, and it may be followed by anything. A triumph of statecraft is within the range of possibility, and so is lunatic frenzy.

But this refers to the immediate succession, next week, or next year. The final, inevitable outcome was foreshadowed, I believe, in two remarks made, not by any political leader, but by a housewife who is a grandmother with most of her active life behind her, and by a young man just beginning the practice of law with his career ahead of him.

To both, the visitor had presented the argument that the South should devote itself to the task of raising the black 30 percent of its population, now below the national average in production as in nearly every other respect, nearer to the level of the rest of the country, which would raise the South from the bottom of all statistical tables to the median line and perhaps into the upper half; but this is not to be accomplished by segregation.

"Besides, it is not right," said the housewife.

On another day, at another place, the young lawyer listened to the argument. "True," said he, "but when all is said and done the basic thing is the moral flaw in segregation."

NEITHER of these people wields any wide public influence in the state. But I hazard the prediction that time will prove that they voiced the final decision of North Carolina more clearly than any of the honorable gentlemen whose utterances command front-page top-of-column in the newspapers.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Notes from Algeria

Fighting Fire with Fire

Sidi-Bel-Abbès

THE WAR in Algeria has turned every sizable community into a garrison town with its familiar repertory of flags, sentry boxes and khaki uniforms. But Sidi-Bel-Abbès is something more. This dusty, provincial outpost in Western Algeria is a shrine dedicated to Mars; it is the Mecca of French overseas militarism. For here, as any reader of P. C. Wren knows, are the headquarters of the Foreign Legion. Next to the headquarters entrance, where sentries still stand guard in their white kepis and the tasseled epaulets of the Deuxième Empire, is the Museum of the Legion. No visitor to Sidi-Bel-Abbès should miss it, for here is carefully preserved the essence of the martial spirit animating what many French officers still like to call l'*Armée d'Afrique*. Here the history of the Legion unfolds itself in old engravings, framed photographs and heavy, leather-bound, hand-written volumes—from its creation on March 10, 1831, down to the most recent engagements in Algeria. Here is the most decorated flag in the French army—that of the Third Regiment of the Foreign Legion, with its three fourragères and its 16 battlefield citations. Here in a small glass case is the wooden hand of the legendary Captain Danjou, who lost his real one at Sevastopol, and who died in a battle in Mexico, fighting off 2,000 Mexicans with 62 Legionnaires. But more striking perhaps than any of these relics are the long, solemn lists, drawn up between red curtains and slabs of mustard-colored marble, on which are engraved the names of Legion officers killed in action. The names now fill a dozen columns, of which four and a half columns are devoted to the victims of the Indo-China war of 1941-1954.

A sight like this dramatically brings home what a blood-letting experience the Indo-Chinese war was. The professional nucleus of the army now fighting in Algeria is substantially the same as the one which fought in the Orient. There is hardly a General or a Colonel in the present High Command who did not put in several years in the Far East and who has not had friends or kinsmen killed in that protracted conflict. But the salient characteristic of the guerrilla wars that France has been fighting since 1945 is their almost total absence of heroic battles or glorious charges. In Algiers a friend of mine one day played me a recording of a speech recently delivered by an officer in the Army's Fifth (Psychological Warfare) Bureau. "How much longer," the orator cried out at one point, "shall we go on from victory to victory to final defeat?" And what victories did he have in mind? None other than Dien Bien Phu; for Dien Bien Phu, where the French killed 25,000 of the Vietminh, was, let no one deceive you, a French Victory! In a war where there were no pitched battles this desperate officer had been forced to transform the one major defeat into an arithmetical triumph.

It took the French army a long time to adapt itself to the peculiar conditions of this novel kind of war, and the ultimate defeat spurred the more inquisitive among them to ask themselves why it was that Ho Chi Minh, beginning with a miserable force of half-armed revolutionaries and river-bandits, had been able to outfight an expeditionary force of 150,000 men? The easiest answer, of course, was that the French professional army had been stabbed in the back by Pierre Mendès-France and a few other traitorous politicians back home. But those willing to look more closely were driven to the conclusion that Ho Chi Minh had triumphed because he had mastered the arts of revolutionary warfare and the techniques of mass thought control and ideological indoctrination. Thus, if the French were not to fail in Algeria, as they had in Indo-China, they too must master these methods. They must go back to school and absorb the principles of mass psychology and the techniques of thought manipulation. This, in fact, is what many French officers in the Fifth or Psychological Bureau have done. They have not only boned up on Marx, Lenin and Mao Tse-tung, but have delved into Pavlov, Freud, Adler, Jung and Chakhotin.

Two general conclusions emerged from their investigations. The first was that a subversive rebellion need not necessarily succeed. Markos was defeated in Greece, the Tudeh party in Iran, the Communists in Malaya, the Hukbalahaps in the Philippines, and the North Koreans were halted on the 38th parallel.

The second conclusion at which they arrived was that the success or failure of revolutionary or guerrilla warfare is essentially a question of technique. In a pamphlet written more than a year ago by Colonel Charles Lacherroy, who then headed the Army's Psychological Service in Paris and who has since become one of General Salan's *eminence grises,* it is stated that

> the first basic principle of revolutionary warfare is that it is a war in the crowd, that it is a war with the mass, where the mass is there for the taking. Now how does one seize the mass? Here again I should like to say that all is ideological. It would be more reassuring for

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us. Unfortunately it is not the case; all this lies first and foremost in the realm of techniques.

Behind these two general conclusions concerning the nature of subversive warfare, we encounter the same determination to belittle or deny the role of ideology. And yet, Markos' defeat in Greece, that of the Tudeh in Iran and of the Hukbalahaps in the Philippines have little relevance as precedents to the Algerian war since in each case an indigenous insurrection was quelled by an indigenous and already established government. In Korea, the United States brought in eight divisions; but it was likewise to uphold an already constituted native government, which was able to put twenty divisions of its own into the field. Even the precedent of Malaya turns out to be equally irrelevant, inasmuch as the British succeeded in crushing the Communist jungle-warriors by promising the rest of the Malayans their independence—precisely what the French army in Algeria is most anxious to avoid. Reducing subversive warfare to a question of technique, to the conclusion of ideological content, is a bit like judging the quality of a wine, not by the content of the grape, but by the shape of the bottle.

WHEN the Algerian revolt broke out in the Aurès in November, 1954, there were just two French administrative officials and seven policemen for a wild, mountainous area about the size of West Virginia. What could be more natural, then, than to conclude that the whole trouble was one of "under-administration"? The rebellion had broken out because the French had abandoned the local populations of Algeria; they had lost contact with them. They remembered Mao Tse-tung's vital admonition that the successful revolutionary is the one who learns to immerse himself in the people as the fish lives in the water.

And so, all over Algeria today the French army, in keeping with this doctrine, is striving to retake the local populations "in hand." One-twentieth of the total Moslem population has been herded in from isolated peasant farms and resettled in new communities, so that the army can defend them against fellagha attacks. More than 650 Special Administrative Sections, each headed by an Arabic speaking-officer, have been set up to resume contact with the local populace. Just as the FLN (Liberation National Front) succeeded in infiltrating its agents everywhere, so the French army is now attempting its own maneuver of "counter-infiltration." Everywhere strenuous efforts are being made to create the psychological impression that the Army is here to stay, that the future of Algeria is in its hands, and that it represents justice, administration, education, sanitary treatment and so on. Its proselytizing efforts range all the way from delivering pep-talks and instructions issued by the Psychological Service to putting up pictures of de Gaulle and scratching V-signs on walls in preparation for the coming referendum. In Bône, a pleasant Mediterranean sea-port in Eastern Algeria, an enterprising Colonel in charge of the city has the band march out at seven in the morning and at the same hour in the evening and sound off with the *Marche Lorraine* and other martial tunes while the flag is raised or lowered in the main square. In Sidi-Bel-Abbès, the hallway to the principal movie-house is turned over every evening to Moslem children, who are treated to a strange diet of propaganda films extolling the heroic virtues of the French army.

Inevitably these efforts are accompanied by stern restrictions. No subversive ideas must be allowed to filter through. No suggestion must be tolerated that Algeria might one day cease to be French. If a French paper—there are no Arab papers in Algeria—so much as prints an interview with an FLN leader in Tunis, it must be seized; the impression must be given that the FLN, or at any rate its leaders, have ceased to exist.

This, of course, is thought control, pure and simple, and not all Frenchmen in the Army are happy about it. One of the troubles, of course, is that it can only be partially effective at best, since metropolitan France remains officially dedicated to freedom of expression. One day in Algiers, I asked a Major, who is considered the heart and soul, if not the brain, of the Psychological Service, why the daily newspaper *Le Monde* is now so often seized in Algeria. "Oh, it's not Algiers we're worried about," he answered. "You must not forget that *Le Monde* has 17,000 Moslem readers in Kabylia"—that is, in one of the hottest centers of the rebellion. What the Major forgot to add is that there are close to 200,000 Kabyles in France, working in mines, factories or on the roads and that any of those is free to read *Le Monde* every day of the week and to bring back news of what it reports to kinsmen and friends upon his return to Algeria. This is the inevitable handicap of any censorship limited to Algeria alone. It is like bolting the kitchen door, while leaving the front one wide open.

When the officers in the Psychological Service are challenged on their methods, they will not deny that there is a certain danger in trying to fight fire with fire. They would prefer to fight the straight-forward, old-fashioned kind of war, in which combatants and non-combatants were sharply distinguished. But since they are fighting a revolutionary war for the control of native masses, they have had to adopt the totalitarian methods of their adversaries. They dare not admit that they might have got hold of a long broom which may one day prove too big for them to handle.

As one of General Massu's aides, a stalwart, ruddy-cheeked parachute officer who might have been the Captain of any American football team, remarked one night over a glass of wine: "There comes a moment when the door opens and you must jump." Today the door is open, and beyond it there is only the night.

CURTIS CATE

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SEPTEMBER 29, 1958

NOVEMBER ELECTION

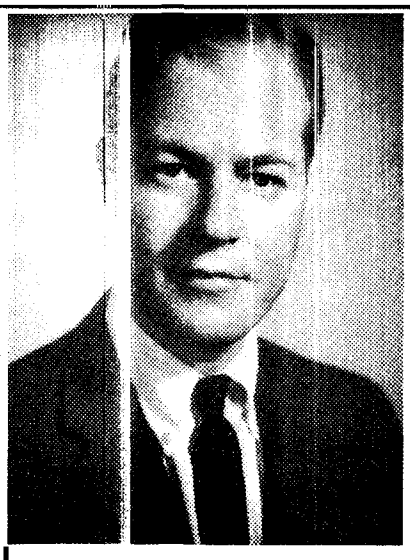
New Faces

SUPPOSE THIS *is* a Democratic year and dozens of Democratic new faces appear on Capitol Hill: What difference would it make? That depends on the quality of the winners. Who are some of the above-average prospective first-time winners and what do they stand for?

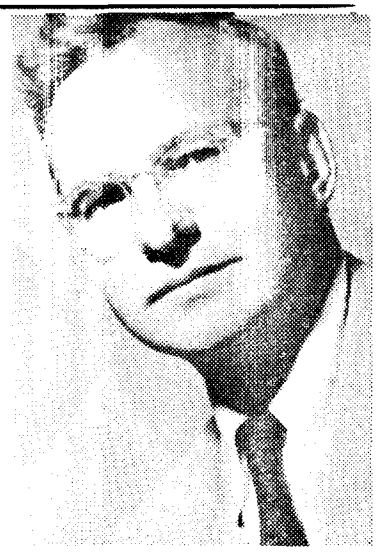
THE NEW REPUBLIC has looked over the field of new Democratic (and Republican) candidates for the House and Senate—not to tally another party balance sheet but to single out interesting and promising newcomers. A state-by-state survey initiated last spring has given us 17 new House candidates and 8 new Senatorial candidates (no doubt there are others) whose arrival in Washington would, we think, contribute a very great deal to the victory of statesmanship over mediocrity in Congress. In singling out these candidates for inclusion in a series of special reports, beginning here, we are neither endorsing them nor predicting their victory. To narrow the field to possible winners, however, we have restricted our choices to those running either in "marginal" districts—*i.e.* districts in which the margin of victory has been five percent or less in any of the last three elections—or in districts where the incumbent is not seeking re-election.

AFTER SURVEYING House and Senate prospects we will discuss in the last of six special reports a group of six newcomers to the national scene among gubernatorial candidates and the possible effects of their election on the 1960 political campaigns.

THE EDITORS



SALTONSTALL



BURNS

Massachusetts Yankees

JAMES M. BURNS—Two weeks ago Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. attacked what he called "a process of capitulation to the Know-Nothing elements" within the Democratic Party. In his own state of Massachusetts, he wrote, "able young Democrats encounter an automatic resentment in the lower ranks of the organization when they bear reprehensible names like . . . John L. Saltonstall, Jr."

But both John L. Saltonstall Jr. and one other deviate from the Massachusetts Democratic norm of Irish Catholic candidates—Professor James MacGregor Burns of Williams College—did manage to overcome Yankee (and Ivy League) liabilities in two recent primaries at opposite ends of Massachusetts. Both won nomination and both are former state chairmen of Americans for Democratic Action.

Professor Burns' campaign has attracted attention not only because the First District—now represented by John Heselton—has been in the Republican column since 1890, but also because the 40-year-old Burns has authored a best-selling historical study, *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox,* has co-authored what is now the most widely used college text on American government, *Government By the People,* and in 1949 published *Congress on Trial,* one of the better analyses of the body to which he aspires. Burns believes "eggheads" have an obligation to enter politics. In a *New York Times Magazine* article he has suggested that political scientists have not only valuable background for political service but normally, as a result of classroom experience, have an unusual "capacity to communicate, to stimulate people who are passive." This imposes an obligation since a political campaign "can and should be the educational process at its best."

Burns had an abundance of friends who wished him well when he went into the primary but few allowed him a chance to win in November. As a Democrat in the sprawling First District he has to contend with the area's long Republican history, its immense size (for Massachusetts) and the absence of any effective party district

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organization. The First District comprises all the western portion of the state (including the Berkshires, of Tanglewood Festival fame), but is ingeniously gerrymandered to exclude the mainly Democratic cities of Springfield, Chicopee, Northampton and Fitchburg. It is therefore predominantly small town and rural, with only two Democratic cities—Holyoke and Pittsfield—each having over 50,000 population.

Republican incumbent Heselton is serving his seventh term. He succeeded the venerable Allen Treadway, who held the seat for a mere 32 years. Heselton was Burns' target because of, rather than in spite of, the overwhelming 67 percent vote given the Republican Congressman in 1956. It was the very uphill nature of the fight against Heselton that helped inspire Burns' decision, even though he was alone in the view that a hard-fought, properly-conducted campaign could defeat the veteran Congressman. So effectively did he campaign through the early spring that two of the important newspapers in the area, staunch supporters of the incumbent, editorialized that Heselton had better take notice of the situation and come home before things got out of hand.

Then on June 6, without any warning, Heselton issued a statement from his Washington office that he had decided he would not run for re-election. Burns' friends like to credit his vigorous early campaigning for this turn of events, saying that Heselton was nearing 60, had not been in the best of health, and did not relish the prospect of running against such a young and vigorous opponent. Too, Heselton had featured somewhat in the Sherman Adams-Goldfine imbroglio; as a member of the House Legislative Oversight Committee, he had been in the forefront of the fight to force out Bernard Schwartz as counsel, and he was a close friend of Adams.

For Burns, Heselton's retirement was bad news, for a primary fight now became a near certainty, and a primary meant that he could not escape a Catholic opponent in a district in which Irish, Italian and Polish industrial workers make up most of the traditional Democratic vote and as much as half the population of the district as a whole. An Italian one-time Democrat, State Senator Silvio Conte, was regarded as certain heir to the GOP nomination. Officers of one of the strongest labor units in the district, the Electrical Workers' local in Pittsfield, split on the Burns candidacy primarily because Burns did not offer a Catholic offset to Conte. Yet he won by a 4,301-vote margin over a popular local Irish Catholic office holder.

"His campaign was not only firmly addressed to the issues," said the independent *Berkshire Eagle* in a morning-after editorial, "but was also a model of organizational efficiency, and his substantial margin of victory was a credit both to himself and to the majority of Democratic voters who refused to be hoodwinked into buying anti-Burns appeals that were both false and malicious." Burns did talk to the issues, emphasizing education and the recession (when the Berkshire-Hathaway mill in North Adams shut down a few months ago, 1,200 workers were left unemployed; Burns' 7,063-vote margin in Berkshire County included 1,865 votes in North Adams). And his campaign was indeed a model of efficiency and solid groundwork. When, a year ago, he first thought seriously of running in 1958, a brochure announcing the "Berkshire Forum" was distributed throughout the area. It stated that Professor Burns—political scientist, author and lecturer, who had just returned from an inspection trip of Russia—was available for talks before church and civic groups, women's clubs, schools and labor unions. He received almost 100 invitations to speak from last fall through this spring.

Burns was also able to convert into an organizational asset the professorial reputation which his opponents took for granted as a liability. He had the help of eight Ohio Wesleyan students who had heard Burns as a visiting lecturer last winter and were so impressed that they chose his campaign for their required project as participants in the University's Arneson Institute of Practical Politics. The students and their faculty advisor, Prof. Fred Burke, spent all summer as unpaid and apparently quite professional bush-beaters.

As for the "false and malicious" last-minute charges leveled against Burns, the *Eagle* had in mind a series of newspaper ads—and a whispering campaign—seeking to capitalize on Burns' affiliation with ADA. A reprint of a 1955 *American Mercury* article by Ralph de Toledano linked ADA to recognition of Communist China and "crypto-Fabian" socialism. Burns retaliated with a newspaper ad of his own citing Bishop Bernard Sheil and a publication of the Benedictine Order, *The Grail,* as comparing ADA precepts to the Papal Encyclicals. On the eve of the primary he held two well-attended receptions for his uncle, Allen Bunce, who happens to be the actor now playing Al Smith in the Broadway show, *Sunrise at Campobello.* The not-too-subtle suggestion was that Burns faced much the same kind of bigotry which Smith had met in 1928. Burns also circulated various friendly comments made about him by Sen. John F. Kennedy. Kennedy, incidentally, is expected to appear in the First District this fall; his effectiveness in Burns' behalf may be of interest to non-Catholic Democrats in other parts of the country who no doubt wonder whether Kennedy's presence on a national ticket would help them too.

JOHN SALTONSTALL—Although John Saltonstall has also heard a lot about his ADA ties, he faced a relatively quiet primary against two opponents, City Councilor Edward McLaughlin and wealthy Joseph Mulhern Jr., whose strategy was to ignore him. Saltonstall took his ADA labeling with Groton-and-Yale nonchalance. When he appeared on "The Jerry Williams Show," a kind of local TV Jack Paar affair which is said to have an audience

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of 280,000, one listener phoned in to do battle on Red China—

> QUESTION: You're in the ADA, aren't you? Do you agree with . . . the recognition of Red China?
> ANSWER: Yes, I'm a member of ADA, and quite active in it and glad to be so. As for Red China, I have my own position, but it is in general agreement with the ADA position. Each member thinks for himself . . .
> QUESTION: You have your own position. What is it?
> ANSWER: Well, I would say that we are very unrealistic in our attitude toward Red China. It is a fact, it exists, and we ought to think about re-adjusting our policy. . . .
> QUESTION: But here you have an aggressor, a country which fought us in Korea . . .
> ANSWER: It seems to me unrealistic to have one policy toward Russia and another toward Communist China. The logic of the argument that we should never recognize Red China could be turned around to say that we should break off relations with Russia. . . .

Saltonstall also matter-of-factly says that "our Middle Eastern policies have been too much dominated by the major oil companies."

In the primary, Saltonstall won with 13,855 votes because Mulhern (12,908) and McLaughlin (10,791) split the opposition. What will happen in his polyglot district should incumbent Laurence Curtis—and disgruntled primary losers—seize on the ADA issue in earnest? Saltonstall's success will in part depend on the Yankee balance of power in a mixed Irish-Jewish-Yankee district—his silk-stocking appeal as the intelligent but relatively little-known bearer of a famous Massachusetts GOP name (he shares a common ancestor of about a century ago with Leverett and is described as a third cousin).

The Tenth District is composed of seven wards of Boston plus the suburbs of Newton and Brookline—a classic gerrymander constructed by a Republican state legislature in 1942. Boston, which is Democratic by two or three to one, was split four ways, so there are two solidly Democratic districts, and two—one of them the Tenth—designed to be safe Republican, with suburbs dominating the core city. Within the Tenth, Newton and Brookline, aided by the only two Republican wards in Boston (the Back Bay-Beacon Hill area) have controlled the political picture easily until recent years.

The Democratic problem can be summarized this way: there appears to be a rising Democratic tide, but what segment of the party can take the district away from Curtis? Before 1954, it was usually a Boston Irish politician who tried for the seat—and lost. In 1954, Holtz carried Brookline and got almost enough votes in Newton to carry the day. But after his 1956 defeat—in which Curtis carried the Boston part of the district by a small margin—an ardent supporter of Holtz muttered bitterly: "The Irish won't go for a Jewish candidate, and the Jews don't go for the Irish candidates." A Yankee, Saltonstall's supporters argue, offers the best chance to confound the gerrymander.

BRADEMAS

HECHLER

Two Stevenson Aides

JOHN BRADEMAS—For research on campaign issues and strategy, Adlai Stevenson in 1956 relied on two principal assistants, John Brademas at his Chicago headquarters and Ken Hechler in the Washington office of the Volunteers for Stevenson. Two years later both Rhodes Scholar Brademas and Researcher Hechler are themselves candidates in the 1958 Congressional campaign.

Brademas is making his third try in his home district—Indiana's Third. When he announced his plans for a third candidacy last winter, some mumbled, "What, again?" Brademas himself was unsure of voter reaction to his persistence. But he had lost by only one half of one percent of the vote cast in his first—1954—campaign, and his friends were convinced that he dropped to a three percent margin of defeat in 1956 only as a victim of the last-minute Eisenhower surge following Suez. Instead of punishing him this year Democratic voters surprised everyone by nominating Brademas with the largest margin of votes—42,000-odd to 4,000 for each of two rivals—received by any Congressional nominee in either party in Indiana.

At 32, Brademas commands remarkable rave notices from his mentors. Stevenson paid tribute to him in 1956 as "one of the most versatile and accomplished men of our age . . . equipped to do whatever may fall to his lot." He got the Third District nomination for Congress in 1954 as the protégé of Paul Butler, then Indiana National Committeeman. Butler supported this 27-year-old in spite of the fact that a primary defeat would have considerably helped anti-Butler Indiana Democrats who were out to deny him the national Party chairmanship then in the offing. When Brademas lost in '54 he nevertheless came to Washington to get Congressional experience as assistant to Sen. Pat McNamara (D, Mich.). He joined Stevenson's original pre-'56 staff when it was assembled in September, 1955.

In his first campaign Brademas' detractors said that a Harvard man—and an Oxford man—just wouldn't do in Indiana. "Perhaps his greatest draw-back is the fact

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that he looks like a young intellectual," observed *Business Week* in a report on his '54 campaign. But with all his exposure to big league education and politics, Brademas manages to look like the authentic home-town boy. His opponents can't take away from him the fact that he is indeed the son of a Greek immigrant family in Mishawaka and that he played all-star quarterback at Central High School in South Bend. As a leader in Methodist youth circles he lectured throughout Indiana on "Militant Christianity—the Answer to Communism." He teaches Sunday School and is in demand as a lay speaker in Methodist pulpits. (Reinhold Niebuhr comes closest to being his inspiration in matters spiritual and intellectual.) Since returning to South Bend in 1956 he has taught political science at St. Mary's College, a Catholic girls' school across the road from Notre Dame.

Although Brademas is a fluent speaker, he avoids making speeches, and when he does, observes an Indiana friend, "he talks, he does not orate. An adman would call it the soft sell; a p. r. man would just say it's a 'personalized' campaign. He's spending most of his time shaking hands and stuffing himself with half-roasted corn in the little hamlets scattered through the rich corn land surrounding South Bend."

After labelling Brademas a radical in his first two campaigns, his GOP opposition now stresses only that he's "young and inexperienced," which isn't going to hurt too much in view of the fact that incumbent Jay Nimtz's experience consists of one term. The GOP in his district is itself in the midst of an intra-party row between the Jenner wing and the Capehart-Halleck wing. And the GOP is on the defensive. Sixteen percent of the work force in the South Bend-Mishawaka area is unemployed; voters are more concerned about the cost of living than the dangerous educational pedigree of John Brademas.

"KEN HECHLER is out every day in the creeks and hollers," says a West Virginia newspaperman, "and that's what the Fourth District is except for Huntington and Parkersburg." The District is presently represented by an 82-year-old obstetrician, Dr. Ward Neal, who gets "a lot of votes from babies he's delivered over the past 50 years"—but who is getting old for Hechler's pace.

"The Lonely Battle" was Hechler's title for an account in a local newspaper of his upset primary victory. In polling 12,965 votes—1,600 more than the nearest of two rivals—he had the opposition of AFL-CIO leaders, who didn't think he had a chance, and of party leaders who didn't owe this newcomer of two years in the district their patronage—least of all the plum of a Congressional nomination.

But the fact that he can't be linked to political or labor bosses won't hurt Hechler with rural voters. When the political editor of *The Charleston Gazette* named him as one of two Democratic nominees likely to lose for lack of organization support, Hechler called on him to thank him: "If people find out that the bosses are against me that will give me more votes than anything else." The remark was reminiscent of Kefauver—though Hechler is not. He's a bachelor who can't have a campaign picture taken with adoring wife and dimpled youngsters, and as "Dr. Hechler," the professor at Huntington's Marshall College, and more, as the author of a book, albeit a war book (*The Bridge at Remagen*), he is anything but "old shoe." And he's not a native son. (Hechler's book, reconstructing the events of March 7, 1945, the day American GI's captured the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen and crossed the Rhine—he was there as a combat historian—is being made into a motion picture. He is using his royalties and Hollywood earnings for his campaign.)

When Hechler first arrived at Marshall after finishing his work on Stevenson's '56 staff, he was the talk of the college; he would telephone friends who are Senators, Governors and Supreme Court Justices while his students listened in over a loudspeaker. Prior to the present campaign he presided over "Comment," a local TV panel on current issues. His own political line reflects his description of himself as a moderate "Roosevelt-Truman-Stevenson Democrat." For example, he endorses a ban on nuclear testing and doesn't want China recognized or seated in the UN, positions which probably have the backing of most Democrats and certainly of the Eisenhower Administration.

His personal entry into politics follows nearly 20 years of intimate experience with two Democratic Presidents as well as candidate Stevenson. In 1940, as a young Columbia political scientist, he began a long association with President Roosevelt's speech-writer, Samuel I. Rosenman, assisting in the preparation of the 13-volume *Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

In the White House, with Truman, Hechler was used hard and often when careful and systematic research was needed. He directed the postwar efforts of the Administration to widen soldier voting, supervising a study of state laws relating to the soldier vote and drafting the 1951 Presidential message which led to liberalizations in Pentagon procedures. In 1952, Truman invited Hechler to travel with him as research director on his campaign travels for Stevenson. "A very practical man," recalls one of Hechler's White House colleagues, David D. Lloyd, now executive director of the Harry S. Truman Library. "He believed in using the best brains available—probably the White House has never had such good contact with academic and other experts—but he had a knack for using the experts to achieve practical results."

NEXT WEEK: *Chester Bowles (Connecticut, 2nd District); Herman Toll (Pennsylvania, 6th District); Joseph Freehill (Virginia, 10th District); Joseph Karth (Minnesota, 4th District); Jeffery Cohelan (California, 7th District), and Rudd Brown (California, 21st District).*

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We're Not Killing It: It's Killing Us

A Story by Patrick Dennis

"HON?" Walter said, surveying the airshaft from the window of their hotel room.

"Yes, hon?" Essie said.

"What say we celebrate tonight? Live a li'l. Maybe a nice dinner downstairs in the Catafalque Room and then maybe take in a show?"

"That'd be nice, hon. Real nice," Essie said. Already she was thinking of that little beaded georgette dinner dress, the osprey theatre hat, the long, pointed slippers with match-stick rhinestone heels that made her look as though she were on skis. "And wear your tux, Walt honey—just to please me."

"Aw, hon!"

THE HALL PORTER down in the lobby was not very helpful. He could supply unlimited tickets for a performance of *The House of Bernarda Alba*, which was being played in the round in a converted synagogue on the lower East Side. He also had a pair in the front row for an all-Negro production of *Antigone* in modern dress. *On* Broadway he had nothing—nothing save a whispered suggestion as to where seats *might* be procured if Mr. Dewlap were to mention his name. Mr. Dewlap slipped the man a five and ventured forth.

Mr. Dewlap did not know New York well, but he had been around enough to sense that this theatre ticket broker did not have a very *nice* address, located as he was between the Girls-Girls-Girls Talent Agency and the Curiosa Novelty Publishers in a pungent old loft building near the theatre district. His hand resting on the gummy door knob, Mr. Dewlap felt as though he were about to ask for an ounce of heroin. Clearing his throat, Mr. Dewlap opened the door and stepped in.

The ticket broker's office was small, overheated and reeking of dead cigars. From behind a closed door, a toilet gurgled insistently. A ferret-faced man was whispering into a Hush-a-Phone. It was a long conversation, finally terminated by his slamming the receiver down.

"Who sentcha?" the broker asked.

Mr. Dewlap mumbled the hall porter's name.

"Never heard of him. Whaddaya want?"

"Could I have two good seats to *My Fair Lady*?" Mr. Dewlap ventured.

"Two seats to *My Fair* . . . Fa Chrissakes, y'outa ya mind?"

MR. DEWLAP'S acquaintance with the theatre was limited pretty much to casual leafings through *Life*. He delved now into his meager memory of theatrical reportage and brought up such plums as *Bells Are Ringing, Jamaica, Oh Captain, Li'l Abner, West Side Story* and a play which he called *Aunt Mamie*. Mr. Dewlap was then led to believe that he was a clod, a peasant and a fool, needlessly squandering the valuable time of an important executive. "Hell," the broker said, in a more kindly fashion, "maybe *nex'* year I could maybe getcha pair inny awkstra for one them hits, but hell, buddy . . . Tonight?"

"Look," Mr. Dewlap said, "it's our anniversary. We're only in town until tomorrow. Isn't there *some* show we could . . . "

A tender light came into the broker's eyes. "Well, lemme see can I getcha inta this-here new show. It's a girly piece," he gave Mr. Dewlap a discomforting wink. "It's called *Kiss Me, Goneril*. It's a musical adoption of *King Leah*. You know, by this big English writah, Jawge Ber*nard* Shore."

Mr. Dewlap didn't know. "Oh, yes," he said uncomfortably.

"An' this-here's a preview; even better'n a first night because it ain't even opened yet. Sole out for six months." There was a huskily whispered conversation over the Hush-a-Phone and then the broker rang off triumphantly. "Gotcha the best seats in the house: twenty-first row on the left side. It's gonna be a real smash."

"Gee," Mr. Dewlap said appreciatively, "how much do I owe you?"

"Seventy-five."

"*Seventy-five* dollars for *two seats*?"

"Seventy-five apiece, buddy, an' be thankful you got 'em. Jus' give this slip at the box office tonight, buddy, an' yer in like Flynn."

THE CATAFALQUE ROOM'S famous Pre-Theatre Dinner ("Only Six Dollars and No Entertainment Tax") left a good deal to be desired, including a square meal. However, the waiters were very good about prodding people to get to the theatre on time. Plates were whisked away. Gongs went off speeding the Eugene O'Neill customers to a *very* early curtain; then the opera patrons; then the people who were anticipating eight-thirty curtains and, finally, eight-forty curtains. By eight o'clock the Catafalque was empty, its unsatisfied diners fighting for taxicabs in front of the hotel. It was drizzling slightly and Mr. Dewlap wished vaguely that he had brought along an umbrella and his Pepto-Bismol.

There was a heated altercation involving a cab driver, the doorman, Mr. and Mrs. Dewlap and a couple who insisted that they had been waiting long before the Dewlaps for a taxi. (They hadn't been, but Mr. Dewlap was too polite to fight about it.) Eventually a driver deigned to stop for them.

"Two - three - four West Forty-fifth Street, please," Mr. Dewlap said.

"Tryna get to some theaytah, buddy?" the driver asked.

"Yes, and we're in a hurry, please," Essie said.

"Tellyuh what, lady," I'll drive down to Thoity-eighth an' then . . . "

"But we're already *on* Forty-fifth Street," Mr. Dewlap said. He had heard unsettling rumors about cab drivers duping the tourist trade.

"Nevah get across town on a night like this, buddy. Pock Amyou's yer best bet. We go down to Thoity-eighth, see. Up Pock; across Sixty-eighth; through Central Pock; down Broadway . . . "

Mr. Dewlap didn't want to look like a hick; didn't want to lose his temper; didn't want anything to spoil Essie's big evening.

As it was, a motorcycle escort was shrieking up Park Avenue, followed by the President in what appeared to be an aquarium on white walled tires. The

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PATRICK DENNIS' newest book is *Around the World with Auntie Mame*.

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Dewlaps waited for half an hour in a fretful silence punctuated only by the ticking of the meter, the slip-slop of the windshield wipers and the pelting of the rain. It was just nine when the driver let them off at Broadway and Forty-fifth, explaining that he wasn't allowed to make a turn. He also explained that he had no change for Mr. Dewlap's five-dollar bill.

As it was scarcely a three-hundred-yard dash to the theatre, they didn't get too wet, although Essie's feet were beginning to throb within the confines of the narrow Italianate slippers. The doorman in the lobby then took over. "Name, please?"

"Dewlap," Mr. Dewlap said, handing over his slip and a quarter.

"Sorry, there's nothing here for Cudlip," the doorman said after a consultation at the wicket.

"I said *Dew-lap.*"

"Sorry, Mr. Schmidlap. Nothing here for tonight."

Impatiently Mr. Dewlap pushed through to the window and picked up his tickets. "Come on, Essie," he said, leaving the doorman to ponder the meanness of any human who could expect so much work for a lousy two-bit tip.

The curtain was up, the theatre dark when they got through the door. "Check your coat and hat, sir. Check your coat and . . . "

"No thank you," Mr. Dewlap said. His garments were wrested from him, a plastic disc slapped into his hand.

Mr. Dewlap thrust the ticket stubs toward a *grande dame* of an usher. "Could you please show us our . . . "

"I'm soddy," the usher said, "but the cötain is up."

"Look, I paid seventy-five . . . "

"Ay'll höv to ösk you to be quay-ett. This is a siddious wök of ott . . . " The usher had once trouped with Mrs. Carter. She taught elocution in Jackson Heights. Walt and Essie were seated during the last scene of the first act of *Kiss Me, Goneril.* The curtain came down on "You're Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth, Baby," the big song of the show, which was said to be headed straight for the Hit Parade. "Would you like to go out for a smoke, hon?" Mr. Dewlap said around the pillar that separated him from his wife.

"Yes, hon, and a drink of water. I'm terribly thirsty."

Once up the aisle and reunited with Essie, Mr. Dewlap felt that he might like to relieve himself, but, seeing the long queue of restless men at the door marked "Gentlemen's Lounge," Mr. Dewlap realized that it was a lost cause.

"Water, Walter," Mrs. Dewlap said. "I'm just parched. That smoked salmon . . . "

"Excuse me," Mr. Dewlap said to an usher, but is there a drinking fountain any place in this theatre?"

"Second balcony to the rear," the usher said. "Go out on the street and around the corner to Eighth Avenue. There you'll see a door marked 'Second Balcony' and . . . "

"Never mind," Mrs. Dewlap said weakly.

"Getcha-Fresh-Fruit-Ornj-Drink-here! Getcha-Fresh-Fruit-Ornj-Drink-here!"

"Would you like some of that orange juice, hon?" Mr. Dewlap said.

"If it's *really* fresh fruit, hon. If it's that chemical stuff, you know it gives me spots."

"It *says* fresh fruit, hon."

"Well, that *would* be nice."

Gallantly, Mr. Dewlap battled through the crowd and returned with a warm, waxy container. "Here, hon. Now how-sabout a smoke?"

The cigarette had barely touched Mr. Dewlap's lips before a matronly usher was propelling Walt and Essie toward a side door. "Sorry, no smokin' inna theatah, No-smokin-inna-theatah-Fire-Commissioners-orders." The Dewlaps were cast out into a gusty cul-de-sac and the iron door slammed behind them. It was sleeting now, the weather bitterly cold.

"Well, of all the God damned . . . Come on, Essie, we'll get under that fire escape."

"Walt, I can't. I'm stuck." Mrs. Dewlap was indeed stuck, both heels imbedded deep into an iron grille.

It took less than fifteen minutes to extricate Mrs. Dewlap and find a way back into the theatre. Mrs. Dewlap was so relieved to be out of the elements and back in the stifling auditorium that she didn't really mind the loss of both heels, although she teetered precariously with every step. She didn't even mind the audience's utter lack of distinction. (She had rather imagined a throng of celebrities—or at least Hope Hampton. This preview, however, was a benefit for the Imogene Throckmorton Alexander League for Homeless Kittens and cat lovers are notoriously blowsy.)

The last act was long and invisible and there was a steady exodus of suburban commuters toward the end of it. Finally the curtain fell to a dispirited spatter of applause. Struggling up the aisle once more, Mr. Dewlap heard the word "turkey" used more than once. He didn't recognize the term. Nor did he recognize Mrs. Dewlap when at last they were together. She had indeed broken out in spots, one eye swollen shut.

"Walter, that fruit drink . . . "

"I know it, hon. Don't worry we'll get you right home. Just let me buy back my hat and coat . . . "

If only Mr. Dewlap had been able to buy back his own hat and coat. His property was irretrievably lost. He waited until every last man in the theatre had

Constitutional

The lion paces his motheaten skin
and scratches his back from within.
All sides of his realm is the rooted mass
whose stares he must thread like grass.
Beyond his elusive herds he sees
the scrappers the jackals, and trees
of chimpanzees
And he hunts, he hunts, oh he hunts till there
down the fawn flank of air
slashes the rare
red
hunk.

GEORGE STARBUCK

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left the check room. All that remained for Mr. Dewlap was a plush topcoat the color of a damson plum and a Tyrolean hat, definitely not his style or his size. "Look, this stuff isn't mine," he said. "See, the coat fits me right under the . . . "

"Oh, sure, wise guy, I s'pose you and the Dookawinzah both go to the same tailor. Lissen, if every man come in here tried to go out with a better coat . . . "

"Listen, God damn it," Mr. Dewlap said through clenched teeth, "this is *not my coat. And I want my coat.* It's navy blue and it came from . . . "

"Closing up now, sir," the fireman on duty said genially.

"But my coat? Do you think I came here in this, this *zoot suit?*"

"Can't say, sir, but we're closing up. You can always write a letter to the manager. We get a lot of . . . "

"Oh, go to hell!" Mr. Dewlap snapped. "Come on, Essie! Essie?"

Mrs. Dewlap was nowhere to be seen. Nor was she out in the foyer, nor under the darkened marquee. Mrs. Dewlap had simply vanished and Mr. Dewlap waited bleakly in the silent street, emptied suddenly of people, of taxicabs, of hope.

MOVIES

The Outer Edges

WHEN Vittorio de Sica was asked why so many of his films deal with adultery, he is said to have replied, "But if you take adultery out of the lives of the *bourgeoisie*, what drama is left?" It is perhaps this belief that has impelled Tennessee Williams into the areas that his art inhabits. He has recognized that most of contemporary life offers limited dramatic opportunity; he is not content to re-shuffle the cards in adultery crib-

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (MGM). *Father Parchali* (Harrison).

bage; so he has left "normal" life to investigate the highly neurotic, the unrepressed, the violent, and the grimy. It is the continuing problem of the contemporary writer who looks for great emotional issues to move him greatly. The anguish of the advertising executive struggling to keep his job is anguish indeed, but its possibilities in art are not large-scale. The writer who wants to "let go" has figuratively to leave the urban and suburban and either go abroad, go into the past, or go into those few pockets of elemental emotional life left in this country. Certainly there is an artistic function in representing gray-flannel life; but not all artists are interested in it, and those who have done it may long for larger, stronger drama.

Thus, I think, Williams arrives at his undershirted brutes who rape deranged sisters-in-law and his sensitive poets seized and eaten by ravenous Latin-American children. What keeps most of his work out of the swamp of sensationalism is his gift for evocative dialogue, his ability to give his plays a garment of poetic rhapsody (while he is, in fact, constructing as craftily as Sardou), and his quick sympathy for buried emotional horror which he can often convey piercingly. But there are risks in this vein. It tends to rely on the exclusively visceral effect, it can linger so long over animalistic characters that they become repellent rather than moving, and unwavering devotion to it makes us suspect the author of exploiting the lurid rather than serving as our ambassador to raw emotion. All these risks are realized in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, which I think is Williams' least worthy long play. It seems to me to abuse a license he has earned by past work, like a planter despoiling his own fields; it seems to lack resonance, any meaning beneath its overt action; its writing is sometimes stilted, some of its motivations are insufficient, and its resolution is feeble.

THESE FAULTS are all italicized in the current film of the lay, which manages to add one more fault. In the movie-script by Richard Brooks and James Poe, the matter of the son's imputed homosexuality is watered down by an explanation of a special friendship with his dead team-mate so complicated and cautious that one wonders how the actors kept straight faces. (The effect of this dilution is somewhat as if *Othello* were played as written except that Iago reports Cassio has danced with Desdemona, not slept with her.) But most of the elements are unchanged: Big Daddy's illusory escape from cancer and his resolve to enjoy life, punctured by the truth of his condition; Maggie's desperate love for the unresponsive Brick; Gooper, his wife and brood, showering affection on Big Daddy and Mama in the hope of controlling the estate.

The film will undoubtedly be popular because of a sexual frankness remarkable in American movies—for example, Big Mama pounds the bed to indicate to her daughter-in-law the place where marriages fail; but artistically it arrives at even less point than the play, the change in Brick towards Maggie is even less convincing, and the sweet adjustment of Big Daddy to his sentence is spurious.

Brooks, who also directed, has pushed the action around the big house in an obvious manner, presumably to demonstrate the advantages of films over the restrictions of one stage set. He has allowed the Gooper brood to caricature their adulation of Big Daddy so wildly that, against his attempts to create hard reality in other scenes, it is as if cartoon sequences had been woven into the film.

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His one accomplishment is with Elizabeth Taylor as Maggie. The lovely Miss Taylor lacks the inner fire from which all else grows and without which nothing can really live; but she is a diligent pupil and, with Brooks' help, has worked so hard that she gives a certain surface to her performance.

Of course there will be some who, impressed by the difference between Miss Taylor in this picture and in the past, will conclude that she reveals unsuspected talent. But virtually any intelligent, industrious movie hopeful, in skillful hands, feather-bedded by the film devices of re-recording, camera angles, and clever cutting, could be made to seem as good.

This contrasts with Paul Newman's performance of Brick, which is genuinely creative—the kind of acting in which buried smoldering is made manifest and in which the thought processes *between* lines are clear and interesting. It is almost impertinent to praise Judith Anderson, one of our few contemporary actresses who could conceivably be called great; as silly, warm-hearted Big Mama, she affords us an example of transformation by art.

When Burl Ives played Big Daddy on Broadway, his widely-hailed portrayal seemed to me merely the ingenious use of his presence by the director. From it, however, Ives has learned enough to make a career for himself; he is currently repeating that portrayal not only in this film but as a Texas beef baron in *The Big Country* and a Florida gang chief in *Wind Across the Everglades*, in each case a lusty, life-loving tyrant. May one suggest that three times is enough? Ives, to this viewer, is simply an outsize man with a moderately effectual personality, not an actor. Like Napoleon's army, he has traveled on his stomach. His performance, like his theatrical person and like Williams' play, is imposing bulk without much content.

Pather Panchali, a film from India directed by Satyajit Ray, comes to us bearing five festival awards. Like many pictures from unusual sources, it has been overpraised merely because it exists. However, although it could use condensation by about a fifth and although its story is simple almost to the point of banality, it is rewarding if taken as a dramatized documentary. Its record of the life of a poor Brahmin family in a Bengal village is generally engrossing and well photographed. It is especially interesting to note how in the most commonplace daily actions—gesturing, walking, carrying a jug—these people move beautifully, how in the poorest home the bowls and platters, the windings of the ragged shawls, have some beauty. This is not dainty estheticism but an ingrained part of their ethos: a belief in more than one kind of reality, trebly moving in view of their daily fight against starvation.

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RECORDS

From the Symphonic Repertory

An infrequently played work of Prokofiev, the Piano Concerto No. 2, is on Victor LM-2197, played by Nicole Henriot with the Boston Symphony under Munch. It turns out to be like the other early works of Prokofiev, exhibiting the same alternation of lyrical, sardonic, grotesque and barbaric writing, and astonishing one as they do with the creative powers that operate with such youthful freshness and exuberance and such sureness. For this music—for the lyrical passages no less than for the crescendos to climaxes—the romantic expansiveness of Miss Henriot's playing seems to me unsuitable: what is called for, rather, is a bold, hard clarity, such as one hears in Isaac Stern's excellent performance of one of the best-known, and best, of the early works, the Violin Concerto No. 1, with the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos, on Columbia ML-5243. The much later Violin Concerto No. 2 on the reverse side is a work I don't care for; but I care even less for Samuel Barber's *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance,* which completes the second side of Victor LM-2197.

Leonard Bernstein, conducting the New York Philharmonic on Columbia ML-5277, whips up a lot of excitement that is suitable and effective in Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*; but I liked better the controlled tension and power of Stravinsky's old performance, and prefer the similar controlled tension and power of Markevitch's performance with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35549. Moreover, as against the raucous, blowzy orchestral sound produced by the Columbia record, I prefer the accurate, beautiful and cleanly defined sound from the Angel record.

There would seem to be no similarity between *Le Sacre* and the works of Mahler — the Symphony No. 2, *Das Lied von der Erde* and *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* — of which there are new recorded performances to report on: in expressive content, certainly, they are worlds apart. But Mahler resembles Stravinsky—and, I might add, Berlioz—in his purposeful, precise and fastidious use of a gigantic orchestra; and he also resembles them in his employment of now only these few instruments of that orchestra, and now only those few, in textures that are at once complex and clear. Moreover in Mahler's music, as in Berlioz' and Stravinsky's, when an instrument plays, the activity is never a perfunctory doubling or filling in of texture, but always something done with attention and purposes, and this evidence of a mind always working—in unex-

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pected, individual, original, fascinating ways—holds interest even through something like the 25-minute opening movement of the Symphony No. 2. Having said that, I must add that the engaging second and third movements of this work are much briefer, as are the first five of the six songs of *Das Lied von der Erde,* and the fine *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen.*

MAHLER'S is the music Bruno Walter conducts best: in the performance of the Symphony No. 2 on Columbia M21-256—with the New York Philharmonic, the Westminster Choir, Emilia Cunardi, soprano, and Maureen Forrester, contralto—the pacing and shaping that gives the work continuity and coherence has an aura of ripened mastery, and consequently of authority and power.

It is this that makes Walter's older performance of *Das Lied von der Erde* preferable to the excellent new one in which Von Beinum conducts the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra on Epic SC-6023. The one defect of the Walter performance is Julius Patzak's struggle with an old voice in the three songs for tenor, which are more enjoyable as sung by Ernst Häfliger in the new performance; but in the other three songs Walter has the sumptuous contralto voice of Ferrier, whereas Van Beinum has the often threadbare mezzo-soprano of Nan Merriman.

The fourth side of Epic SC-6023 has very moving singing by Merriman and superb orchestral contexts in *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen.* But even more impressive is the performance on Angel 35522 (with uninteresting songs of Brahms), with Fischer-Dieskau's singing and the marvelously beautiful and unexpectedly effective contexts that Furtwängler provides with the London Philharmonia. The sound is improved by slight reduction of range—for example by treble roll-call at 16 db instead of RIAA.

Some of Berlioz' most incandescent writing is heard in the three instrumental movements from *Romeo and Juliet* that Toscanini used to play — notably the *Love Scene* and the *Queen Mab* Scherzo. The performance by Cluytens with the Paris Opera Orchestra on Angel 35431 are good, though they haven't all the subtle nuances of tempo and phrasing and all the orchestral virtuosity that Toscanini achieved with the NBC Symphony: thus the horns are not magically distant and *pianissimo* in the third section of *Queen Mab.* The record also offers good performances of the exquisite *Danse of the Sylphs* and *Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps,* as well as the Hungarian March from *The Damnation of Faust.*

London LL-3016 has a performance of Berlioz' *Symphonie Fanastique* by Argenta with the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra—one that is made unusual as well as exciting by the steadiness, control and tension, the clarity of texture and outline, that were characteristic of Argenta's work. Van Otterloo's older Epic performance has more supple grace, and more atmosphere, which he is able to achieve because he has in the Berlin Philharmonic a finer orchestra—one whose solo horn, for example, produces at the beginning of the finale distant muted sounds that the solo horn of the French orchestra doesn't produce.

HAYDN exhibits another mind constantly in action; and one of his incandescent masterpieces, the Symphony No. 99, is performed superbly by Krips with the Vienna Philharmonic on London LL-3009, with the Symphony No. 94 (*Surprise*) on the reverse side. London has in the past given us veiled and edged violin sound that could be made normally bright and agreeable by use of a 10-kc- cut-off; but it takes a 7-kc cut-off to eliminate the nastiness of the sound from LL-3009. Krips also conducts the Israel Philharmonic in good performances of Mozart's Symphonies K.385 (*Haffner*) and 551 (*Jupiter*); and these too need a 7-kc cut-off.

And my report on orchestral repertory concludes with mention of the excellent performance of Brahm's Symphony No. 3 by Klemperer with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35545 (with the *Academic Festival Overture*).

It is my impression that only a small part of the public has acquired the additional equipment for reproduction of stereophonic discs or tapes; and that most readers of this column are still interested in reports on the monaural recordings they are still buying and playing. The only way for me to know whether my impression is correct is for readers to tell me.

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